

HAZEL GREEN HERALD.

SPENCER COOPER, Owner and Editor.

"Of a Noisy World, With News From All Nations Lumbering at His Back."

\$1.00 A YEAR, Always in Advance.

SEVENTH YEAR.

HAZEL GREEN, WOLFE COUNTY, KY., FRIDAY, JANUARY 1, 1892.

NUMBER 41.

We Mourn the Loss of Profits.

GREAT FIFTY CENTS ON THE DOLLAR

SALE OF CLOTHING

We are going to make some improvements in our store room after January 1st. The contract is signed and sealed with the contractors—consequently we are compelled to sell our stock or pack it away. We prefer selling it at a sacrifice.

NOTHING RESERVED.

Every suit of Clothes, every Overcoat, every Pair of Pants marked in plain figures. We will just split them in half. This means 50 cents on the dollar. The cheapest sale of fine ready made Clothing in Kentucky.

Our business is not conducted by fakes and guessing schemes. The man that's selling watch chains on the street corner for \$1, throwing in a watch just to show his generosity, needs watching. "Buco Steerers," "Razzle Dazzle" tricksters and green goods sharp always promise great returns from small investments. Intelligent minds are on to the racket, and take no stock in such humbuggery. 'Tis value they want.

100 CENTS WORTH OF GOODS—
FOR 100 CENTS IN CASH

Is what we give the people. But at this sale

100 CENTS WORTH AT 50 CENTS ON THE DOLLAR!

Every article in our establishment is ticketed at the lowest price possible. The stamp of economy is on every garment.

If you have not dealt with us, ask your neighbor, who has. We invite you to our store, feeling assured that you will be pleased with our garments and satisfied with the matchless values we offer.

L. & G. STRAUS,
LEADING CLOTHIERS,
LEXINGTON, : KENTUCKY.

ASK FOR A SLIGHT COLD SHOULD NOT BE NEGLECTED.
COUSEN'S HONEY OF TAR
CURES THIS CELEBRATED REMEDY
COUGHS HAS BEEN USED WITH SUCCESS
OLDS FOR THE LAST 20 YEARS.
CONSUMPTION PREPARED BY RICHARDSON-TAYLOR MEDC.
ST. LOUIS MO.

GRAND OPENING

AT THE:

English Kitchen,

No. 12. W. Short Street, : Lexington, Ky.

Regular Meals 25 Cents. Meals to Order at All Hours. Breakfast from 5 A. M. to 9 A. M. Dinner from 10 A. M. to 8 P. M. Supper from 5 P. M. to 9 P. M. Oysters, Lamb Fries, Fish, Chickens and Quails a specialty. Open from 5 A. M. to 12 P. M.

CUS LUCART, Proprietor.

J. W. CRAVEN,
HAZEL GREEN, KY.

UNDERTAKER
AND DEALER IN
COFFINS, CASKETS,
And Trimmings of All Kinds.

I am prepared to furnish, on short notice and at low prices, COFFINS OF ALL KINDS AND SIZES, from the cheapest to the very finest. I can furnish coffins cheaper than you can buy the trimmings. Price of Coffins from \$5 up. I have a fine hearse, and will deliver coffin cheap.

FURNITURE : OF : ALL : KINDS : REPAIRED.
TOMBSTONES! My arrangements are such that I can furnish Tombstones or Monuments from any kind of Marble or Granite, and at the very lowest prices. Very respectfully, &c.

STATE SUNSHINE AND SHADOW.

The express office at Greenville was robbed of \$300 in goods.

Fire at Princeton destroyed several stores. Total loss about \$15,000.

Miss Mahoney, living near Newcastle, committed suicide by shooting herself.

Joseph Connor was shot and killed by two brothers named Carl, at Stepstone, Montgomery county.

Robert Griffin, a barkeeper of Lexington, shot and killed a negro named Albert Harris in self-defense.

Paducah is infested with a gang of gypsies and they manage to elude the vigilance of the police.

Citizens of Paris are trying to organize a creamery at that place for the manufacture of butter and cheese.

In trying to escape the kick of a cow she was milking, Mr. Gibson of Hartford so twisted her own foot that she broke her leg.

H. W. Barker, ex-deputy sheriff of Bell county, has been arrested for embezzeling \$1,700 of sheriff's funds, and is now in jail.

Joseph Echstein, of Newport, attempted to walk 86 miles in 14 hours on a wager of \$100, and he will probably die from overexertion.

The nine-months-old child of W. T. Rudolph, of New Hope, pulled a kettle of boiling water over on itself, scalding it in a horrible manner.

Lee Bain, a young man of Barbourville, fell from a loaded wagon while going down hill, and was run over. He is expected to die of his injuries.

A cloud-burst at Paducah swelled Island creek so that the freight swept away several rafts of saw logs and created consternation among shanty-boat citizens.

J. W. Davison, a Christian county farmer, claims to have found a nest of 500 reptiles, including some 12 varieties. He had been drinking moonshine, maybe.

Telegrams from Flat Lick have been received at Barbourville asking for a posse, reporting that the Smith-Slusher feud has broken out again and two men have been shot.

Taylor Davis, a policeman, shot and wounded a negro named Lane in a row in Wayne Damour's saloon at Catlettsburg. His recovery is doubtful, but no arrests had been made up to last accounts.

The trial of Ben F. Davis for the killing of Ben Dunn, in Trigg county, Dec. 9, last week resulted in the conviction of the defendant for murder, and he was held to answer at the February term of the Trigg circuit court without bail.

The postoffice at Catlettsburg was entered by burglars, who secured \$600 in stamps and currency, and a number of registered letters. Powder was used to blow open the safe. The next day \$145 worth of the goods was found in a school house near by.

The grounds of the Lexington racing association were last week sold to a man for \$45,000, and the racing inaugurated there in 1826 will be continued, liberal prizes to be offered for the spring meeting. The grounds sold embrace about 62 acres.

James Thompson, manager of the Nickel Plate coal company, shot and killed William Logston, a miner, at East Bernstadt, last Thursday. The trouble arose over money matters, and Logston and two friends attempted to intimidate Thompson. The shooting was done in self-defense.

A farmer named McAninch, living at Liberty, in Casey county, paid \$400 in cash for a bar of brass, it being reported to him as a gold brick. He never read the papers and didn't know any better. The amount of \$1 spent in subscription for his county paper would have saved him several hundred.

Cassell & Price, Lexington, Ky., carry the finest line of dress goods in that city. A lady can take the morning train at Torrent, do her shopping at Lexington, and return on the evening train. The money she will save by buying of Cassell & Price will pay her fare, and she will have an enjoyable trip besides.

WE WANT 1,000 DOZ. EGGS AT 10c. We want your country produce. We want your surplus change, and we want to sell you goods cheaper than anybody.

H. F. PERRATT & CO.

J. JONES,

—THE—

JEWELER,

offers the most complete line of goods for

CHRISTMAS

Our goods are first-class and our

PRICES : LOW!

Visitors to the city will receive our best attention.

No. 36 E. Main St., opp. Court House,

LEXINGTON, KY.

The undersigned have just completed ac-

complished a plan that will enable them to sell the school

books at a profit.

McGuffey's Eclectic Geography, 125

McGuffey's Eclectic Arithmetic, 125

McGuffey's Eclectic Speller, 125

McGuffey's Revised Speller, 125

First Reading Book, 125

Second Reading Book, 125

Third Reading Book, 125

Fourth Reader, 125

Fifth Reader, 125

Sixth Reader, 125

First Reading Book, 125

Second Reading Book, 125

Third Reading Book, 125

Fourth Reader, 125

Fifth Reader, 125

Sixth Reader, 125

Seventh Reader, 125

Eighth Reader, 125

Ninth Reader, 125

Tenth Reader, 125

Eleventh Reader, 125

Twelfth Reader, 125

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Hazel Green Herald.

SPENCER COOPER, Publisher.

HAZEL GREEN, KY.

HE HAD BEEN TO EUROPE

An Anglo-American, Who Had Been Abroad, but Couldn't Tell What He Had Seen.

A light-haired young man with an impudent mien, red stockings, tight-fitting kid gloves, carrying a big cane and umbrella, and his arms akimbo, walked into a Randolph street barber shop last evening. He was evidently well known in the shop, for he was greeted by name and spoke familiarly to several of the barbers.

"So tired, you know," he said, as he dropped languidly into a chair, without removing his gloves: "Just got back from Europe, and am really tired out with sight-seeing." This was one of invitation to open a conversation.

"I suppose you took in everything on your trip," one of the barbers, who felt it incumbent to reply, finally ventured.

"Ya-as; saw all there was to be seen. Of course it's awfully nice, you know; but one gets tired of seeing so much."

"Were you in Strasburg, Mr. —?"

"I didn't get there, was in a hurry, you know," drawled the European traveler.

"You were in Metz, weren't you?"

"Now; really I couldn't stop."

"Oh, you missed it by not going," said the barber rattled on about the big clock, the Napoleonic monument, the battle scene and other points of interest to be seen in that section. He mentioned a dozen other places in France and Germany.

"You were in Berlin," the shrewd customer interrupted at mention of that place. The barber pronounced it with the accent on the last syllable; the customer called it "Berleen." A series of questions about that great city developed that Mr. — knew nothing of its points of interest.

"I was in Lannion, too," interrupted the sight-seeing customer. "Great town, Lannion, you know."

Another series of interrogations about "Lannion" resulted in another information. By this time every other customer in the shop was smiling, pleased at the situation. Something of the state of affairs must have dawned upon the traveler, for he said with a weak attempt at satire:

"You must have traveled a good deal, too. Barbers can get a chance to see everything, you know. Don't have to hurry. Work as they go along."

"Yes, I expect to go again next year," replied the second-chair artist, unconsciously the interested third. "I propose to take my time, work enough to pay incidental expenses, and put in my extra time in seeing the countries."

"Think I'll not go home to-night," the traveler said, desiring to change the subject and not having wit enough to do so in any other way. "Must go out on Ashland avenue. Got regular evenings, you know. He, he, he."

And with a knowing look the fellow paid his check, tipped the barber who shaved him and the attendant who had cleaned his hat, grasped his big cane by its middle and left.

"What ass my fellow-countrymen can be," said a cynical customer as he stepped from his chair.

"He's not an American," said an old gentleman at the end of the line, with some asperity. "He's an Anglo-man. Just like hundreds of others who visit the continent—they never see a thing, But then they've been to Europe!" Bah, they make me tired!"

It was a little incident, but there is a whole chapter in many little incidents.—Chicago Journal.

Ses-Sand as sand.

It is hard to think of anything more barren, more destitute of fertility, than ses-sand. In connection with some studies of the chemistry of vegetable production in the laboratory of Wesleyan university we have been growing plants in just such sand, brought from the shore of Long Island sound. To digest it of every possible trace of material, we have heated it over a fire for food except the sand itself, which was carefully washed with water and then heated. The young man who prepared the sand for use, in his zeal to burn out the last vestiges of extraneous matter, heated the iron pots in which it was calcined so hot that they almost melted. The sand was put into glass jars, water was added, and minute quantities of common salts, which plants take from the soil, were dissolved in it. In the sand thus watered and fertilized dwarf-peas were grown. Peas of the same kind were cultivated by a skillful gardener in a rich soil of a garden close by, and grew to a height of about four feet, while those in the sand with water and the minute quantities of chemical salts reached a height of eight feet.—Century.

He said Nothing.

"I hope, papa," she said, earnestly, "that you didn't hurt George's feelings when you met him at the door last night. He is very sensitive."

"He seemed so."

Did he say anything?

"No, my daughter, he said nothing; but (and there was an expression of serene satisfaction in the old man's eye) he was visibly moved."—Washington Star.

FOSTER'S ASSERTIONS. Effects of the Republican Policy Upon the Treasury.

Secretary Foster is the present representative of republican finance. Like others who have preceded him Mr. Foster has asserted that the act of July, 1890, commands me to preserve the parity between gold and silver." Possibly the secretary has other evidence of this than has been made public. He will find no such command in the statute, nor will he find words that may fairly be so construed as to give an explicit declaration that it is the policy of the government to maintain the parity between the two metals, but not a word commanding him to do other than to redeem "in coin" whatever of the bills issued in purchase of the silver bullion there may be presented for such redemption. He asserts that he has obeyed a law that does not exist, and therefore: "I am bound to maintain the parity of the two metals can be maintained under the present policy." It is fair to hold Mr. Foster to these words. Let him examine the facts and see whether he can in them find warrant for either his opinion or his statements.

As to the effect of the present policy Mr. Foster may in time learn what has happened to the bankers for fees, that no logical reasoning can be offered for the maintenance of an arbitrary legal standard to determine the value of silver or any other product of man's industry. Like any other metal, silver fluctuates under the influence of the law of supply and demand. If Mr. Foster will review the facts he will discover, also, that since the passage of the act of July, 1890, the parity of the two metals has been disturbed, and that the parity between the two metals can be maintained under the present policy.

It is true that the veto of a most radical and bigoted partisan is in the way of reform at present, but every time a falsehood is exposed and a wrong denounced, something is accomplished. Everyone who knows that it cannot stand after it has been exposed and its manifold frauds and follies made plain to the people. Even though a bigoted voter were tenfold greater, something can be accomplished, everything can be accomplished, by keeping the truth constantly before the people. No plea for silence that the author and beneficiaries of the bill can make can entitle it to be entertained. There can be no cessation in the exposure of it until this most fraudulent and injurious of all measures of legislation for enriching the rich is implemented. The poor are stricken from the statute books and left without the poor pretense of legality to cover the nakedness of its infamous injustice.

It cannot long survive exposure. If the coming congress searches out the trusts and other conspiracies which have been formed under it, and sends bills to Congress to expose and to anti-conspiracy bills for the removal of the taxes which protect conspiracy, the veto of the republican president will only make more certain the repeat of the bill as a whole.

It is perfectly natural that Mr. McKinley should oppose free speech and wish to choke the discussion of this measure, but he never kept his mouth closed, and in his desire for silence cannot be gratified. The right of the poorest as of the richest of the American people to their earnings must be reestablished; the wrong through which the earnings of the country's workers are taken from them and given to those who have not earned much are overthrown. Silence is impossible. Free speech must continue. The truth must be told. The fight for justice must be made and won.—St. Louis Republic.

justice, with law on its side, is called to the rescue. Mr. McKinley's thoughts in challenging this right to appeal is entirely un-American and alien. It is the spirit in which the McKinley bill was forced through a house which had "ceased to be a deliberative body" under the Reed dictatorship.

In protesting against the discussion of his bill, Mr. McKinley urges further that discussion should be abandoned in view of the fact that it is easily accomplishable.

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PARAGRAPHIC POINTERS.

—Maj. McKinley has delayed only temporarily his salt river voyage. High tariff will hit the ceiling next year.—Kansas City Times.

—We are waiting patiently to hear of an advance in wages in Ohio and a corresponding reduction in New York, Massachusetts and Iowa.—Chicago Globe.

—In the triangular senatorial fight between Sherman, Foraker and Foster, the democrats get all the fun and none of the responsibility.—Chicago Times.

—The Indianapolis republicans are disgusted because when they asked the president for a thousand-dollar contribution to their municipal campaign funds, gave only one hundred and fifty dollars. —John Miller gave only fifty dollars and "Lige" gave only twenty dollars.—Albany Argus.

—The negro vote of Ohio is all that saved McKinley from defeat, and John M. Langston, who is now claiming office from Mr. Harrison, held the negro vote in line. If there is gratitude enough in the republican party to put a negro on the federal bench, this is the time to show it.—St. Louis Republic.

—Massachusetts is swinging into line since the young democrats of that state came into leadership and each year makes the state a hopeful democratic field for the campaign of next year. Gov. Russell and the democratic party of Massachusetts are to be warmly congratulated on the result.—Do troit Free Press.

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—The state-stealers' crop of "fugitives" in New York will neither distract attention from their crimes against the suffrage in other localities, nor divert the democrats from their purpose of giving to this democratic state a democratic legislature. If the facts show that they are legally entitled to it, it is time to have majority rule in New York.—N. Y. World.

—Franklin's more impudent remark ever from the lips of Jas. Quay, Tom Reed, Boss Tweed or Mr. Quay: "I am convinced that the judgment of our citizens does not approve the constant agitation of the tariff issue in the face of the fact that it can accomplish nothing."

Without stopping to consider the sermons, we will confine ourselves to the text, which is sufficiently absurd to interest us in the discussion on the subject.

The only reliable way of getting the judgment of the people is through the ballot box, and as they have expressed themselves there it was emphatically in favor of continuing the exposure of the crimes and follies of the McKinley bill until its repeal is forced. This is what the majority of the people voting since the passage of the bill have said in every instance, even if it were to be argued that eight-tenths of the people of the minority would remain and any minority, however small, could go on in the exercise of it, confident that in the end right will win in its appeal to the majority, no matter how small the minority, who, as attorneys for the right, plead its case before the bar where, under our system of government, in

HOME HINTS AND HELPS.

—The most delicious wafer to serve with cheese is a thin water cracker slightly salted, which is sold at forty cents a box.—N. Y. Tribune.

—Squash should be boiled until tender, then drained immediately from the pot, mashed very smoothly and seasoned with salt, pepper and nutmeg—good housekeeping.

—Coconut Cookies: One cup of sugar, one-half cup of butter, one egg, small pinch of salt, two tablespoonsfuls of milk, one and a half teaspoonsful baking powder, one cup desiccated coconut (or grated may be used), flour enough to roll.—Detroit Free Press.

—At a recent dinner the centerpiece was an oval-shaped basket lined with white plush, in whose folds the water-holder was concealed. White roses and wreathing smax filled and covered the rest of the basket, washing in radiance of blossoms over the cloth.—N. Y. Tribune.

—To take mildew out of linen, wet the fabric with soft water, rub it well with white soap, then sponge some fine chalk to powder and rub it well into the linen. Then lay it out in the sun-shine, watching to keep it damp with soft water. Repeat the process the next day, and in a few hours the mildew will entirely disappear.

—To clean a carpet with ox-gall use about a pint of water to a half a pint of water. Sweep the carpet well, or beat it first, then apply the mixture with a soft brush. Wash off the lather with cold water, changing it often, and finally rub the carpet with a soft cloth. This is an effective method of cleaning, but the ox-gall will smell very unpleasantly.—N. Y. World.

—A useful novelty is the invalid's tea-cup. It consists of a teacup and saucer, differing neither in price nor in shape from the ordinary breakfast or tea-cup, but having a shallow depression in the saucer, in which is placed a small cube of prepared fuel, by means of which the liquid contained can be kept hot for some time, until the invalid is ready for it.

—Timbale of Ground Rice: Cook rice in milk till tender; line a buttered mold with it. Thicken a half-pint of cream milk with two tablespoonsfuls of ground rice. Beat two eggs and add to an egg, then mix, sponge half a pint of beer or beer according to size of pudding. It can be steamed in the buttered mold. Turn it out and serve with any tart fruit sirup.—Good Housekeeping.

—Pretty mats are made from pieces of cloth by cutting them square and working them around the edges with blanket stitch, or they can be used to cover old photograph frames, with a few pieces of gold-thread embroidery here and there. They also serve as small book covers, when joined together with herring bone or embroidery, and would make tidy small mats for various purposes.—N. Y. World.

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—The novelty in milking is a long vein of black-laced lace, worn drooping in front to the knee, or even to the foot of the skirt. It is a scarf of Chantilly or other French lace, with sealed edges, and is nearly a yard wide, and more than two yards long. The milliner drapes one end of the veil over the crown of a large black felt round hat, and then ties the lace behind the neck, so that the lace hangs down in front, and is tied in bows. The lace is tied at the back in great bows, with loops and ends lying flat instead of standing high in the familiar way. The veil then covers the face and is drawn under the chin to meet in the back by a bunch of small plait taken in each side, then it hangs straight down the front. This unique veil is very becoming, and has been adopted by fashionable women for wearing with afternoon afternoon dresses. Shorter veils of white organdy lace, many of them of real antique lace, are more generally worn.—Illustrated lace.

—A Hair Dresser.—A clever woman living in New York disclosed an ingenious plan of hers to shorten her hair. Every day, she combs her hair, and when she has done so, she cuts off a portion, then washes it, and dries it, and then combs it again, and repeats the process.

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"There's something behind it." That's what you think, perhaps, when you read that the proprietors of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy offer \$300 reward for an incurable case of Catarrh. Rather unusual, you think, to find the makers of a medicine trying to prove that they believe in it. "There must be something back of it!"

But it's a plain, square offer, made in good faith. The only thing that's back of it is the Remedy. It cures Catarrh in the Head. To its mild, soothing, cleansing and healing properties, the worst cases yield, no matter how bad or of how long standing. It has a record that goes back for 25 years. It doesn't simply relieve—it perfectly and permanently cures. With a remedy like this, the proprietors can make such an offer and mean it. To be sure there's risk in it, but it's so very small that we're willing to take it.

You've "never heard of anything like this offer?" True enough. But then you've never heard of anything like Dr. Sage's Remedy.

"August Flower"

Perhaps you do not believe these statements concerning Green's August Flower. Well, we can't make you. We can't force conviction into your head or medicine into your throat. We don't want to. The money is yours, and the misery is yours; and until you are willing to believe, and spend the one for the relief of the other, they will stay so.

John H. Foster, 122 Brown Street, Philadelphia, says: "My wife is a little Scotch woman, thirty years of age and of a naturally delicate disposition. For five or six years past she has been suffering from Dyspepsia. She became so bad at last that she could not sit down to a meal but she had to vomit it as soon as she had eaten it. Two bottles of your August Flower have cured her, after many doctors failed. She can eat anything, and enjoy it; and as for Dyspepsia, she does not know that she ever had it."

ELY'S CATARRH CREAM BALM

Cleanses the Nasal Passages, Alleviates Pain and Inflammation, Heals the Sores, Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell.

TRY THE CURE, HAY-FEVER!

Appended to label on each bottle is a guarantee that it will cure Hay Fever, or money will be refunded. ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren St., New York.

YOUNG MOTHERS!

We Offer You a Remedy which Ensures Safety to Life of Mother and Child.

"MOTHER'S FRIEND"

Relieves Confinement of the Pains, Horror and Distress.

After one bottle of "Mother's Friend" I suffered but little pain, and did not experience that terrible distress.

ANNE GAGE, Lamar, Mo., Jan. 1, 1901.

For express charges please remit postage and money to ELY BROTHERS REGULATOR CO., ATLANTA, GA.

SOLED BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

GOOD NEWS FOR THE MILLIONS OF CONSUMERS OF Tutt's Pills.

It gives Dr. Tutt pleasure to announce that he is now putting up a

TINY LIVER PILL

which is of exceedingly small size, retaining all the virtues of the larger ones. They are guaranteed purely medicinal, and are now being sold in boxes.

They are still issued. The exact size of

TUTT'S TINY LIVER PILLS is shown in the border of this ad.

LADY AGENTS WANTED TO SELL

Compound, the Great Hygienic Tonic

the specific for Regulating Menstruation.

Pearl-Free, Jackson Bro. Co., Columbus, O.

THANKSGIVING.

What Every Man Has to Be Thankful For.

One Hundred Million Dollars' Worth of Wonders! as
Paraphrase of "Machine So Wonderful as the Hand."—Sermon by Rev. T.
DeWitt Talmage, D. D.

The doctor's text was taken from Psalm 148: 10, 12 and 13: "Beasts and all cattle; creeping things and flying fowl;歌颂上帝的创造物，包括人、牲畜、飞禽等。

What a scene it was when, last Thursday, at the call of the president and governors, this nation assembled to thank the praises of God! But the day was too short to celebrate the divine goodness of such a year. The sun did not rise over Brooklyn until one minute before 7 o'clock this morning, and it set at 4:35 o'clock that evening. What a precious time of which to make use! It is a state upon twelve months of thanksgivings! So I add to that day this Sabbath morning service, and with the fruits and harvest of the earth still glorifying the pulpit and the galleries, ask you to continue the rehearsal of the Divine goodness.

By the way, egotism man has come to appropriate this world to himself, while the fact that man's race is in a small minority. The instances of man life, compared with the instances of animal life, are not one to 1,000,000. We shall enlarge our ideas of God's goodness and come to a better understanding of the text if, before we come to look at the cup of our blessing, we look at the goodness of God to the irrational creation.

Although nature is out of joint, yet even in its disruption I find the almost universal happiness of the irrational creation. On a day, when the air and the grass are most populous with life, you will not hear a sound of distress unless, perchance, a heartless school boy has robbed a bird's nest or a bather has broken a bird's wing, or a pasture has been robbed of a lamb, and there goes up a bleating from the flock. The whole earth is filled with animal life, in every creature, the scaled, and horned, and hooved. The bee hums it; the frog croaks it; the squirrel chatters it; the quail whistles it; the larv croaks it; the whale spouts it. The snail, the rhinoceros, the grizzly bear, the lion, the wasp, the spider, the shell-fish, have their homes delights—joy as great to them as joy is to us. Goat climbing the rocks, and coming down them, like a feathered buffalo, plunging across the prairie, crocodile tanning in tropical sun, seal passing on the leetoch striding across the desert, are so many bundles of joy; they do not go moping or melancholy; they are not only half supplied; God says they are filled with good.

The worm squirming through the soil, upturned by the plowshare, the ant raising its nest down the hillside, are happy by day and happy by night. Take up a drop of water under the microscope, and you find that within it there are millions of creatures that swim in a halcyon of gladness. The sounds in nature that are repulsive to our ears are often only utterances of joy—the growl, the croak, the bark, the howl. The good God has created creatures, thinking them even, and will not let us, who share a man's nest, or a fisherman's hook transfix a worm, until, by eternal decree, its time has come. God's hand feeds all these broods, and shepherds all these flocks, and tends all these herds. He sweetens the clover-top to the ox's taste; and pours out crystalline waters in moistened cups of rock for the hind to drink, and gives the flocks the choice of all the grain fields. The sea anemone, half animal, half flower, clinging to the rock in mid-ocean, its tentacles spread wide, at first, honor the Owner of the universe to provide for it. We are repulsed at the hideousness of the elephant, but God, for the comfort and convenience of the monster, puts forty thousand distinct muscles in its proboscis.

I go down on the barren sea-shore and say: "No animal can live in this place." But, "no," but all through the sands are myriads of little insects that leap with happy life. I go down by the marsh and say: "In this damp place and in these lathose pools of stagnant water there will be the quietude of death," but, lo! I see the turtles on the rotten log running themselves, and hear the frogs quack with undreamed-of life. When I fledged, when a hungry God showed the old robin where he can get food to put into their open mouths. Winter is not allowed to come until the ash-tree granulated their harvest, and the squirrels have filled their cellar with nuts. God shows the hungry Johnnies when it may find the crocodile's eggs, and in arctic climes there are animals that God so lavishly clothes that they can stand to walk through snowstorms in the teeth of arctic engine and chinchilla, and no sooner is one set of furs worn out than God gives them a new one. He helps the spider in its architecture of its gossamer bridge, and takes care of the color of the butterfly's wings, and tinges the cochineal,

and helps the moth out of the chrysalis. The animal creation also has the army and navy. The most insignificant has its means of defense; the wasp its sting, the reptile its tooth, the elephant its tusk, the fish its scale, the bird its broad wing, the reindeer its antlers, the deer its strong foot. We are repelled at the thought of sting and tusk and hoof, but God's goodness provides them for the defense of the animal's rights.

Yes, God in the Bible announces His care for these orders of creation. He says that he has heaved up fortifications for their defense—Psalm cix, 18: "The high hills are a refuge for the wild beasts, and the rocks for the crows." He watches the bird's nest—Psalm civ, 17: "As for the stork, the fir trees are her house." He sees that the cattle have enough grass—Psalm ely, 104: "He causeth the grass to grow for the cattle." He sees that there is enough to eat in the field—Psalm iv, 10:11: "He sendeth the springs into the valleys, which run among the hills; they give drink to every beast of the field, the wild asses quench their thirst."

And the thunders of Sinai God intended the rights of cattle, and said that they were to be free. Sabbath. Then should not do any work, nor be egotistic. He declared with infinite emphasis that the ox on the threshing-floor should have the privilege of eating some of the grain as he trod it, and spilling was forbidden. If young birds were taken from the nest for food the despiser's life depended on the mother going free. God would not let the ox plow in one day the less of his sabbath and his liberty. And he who regarded in olden time the conduct of man toward the brutes, to-day looks down from heaven, and is interested in every minnow that cleaves the air, and every herd that bloats, or neighbor, or lone wolf that pounces upon the bleating from the flock. The whole earth is filled with animal life, in every creature, the scaled, and horned, and hooved. The bee hums it; the frog croaks it; the squirrel chatters it; the quail whistles it; the larv croaks it; the whale spouts it. The snail, the rhinoceros, the grizzly bear, the lion, the wasp, the spider, the shell-fish, have their homes delights—joy as great to them as joy is to us. Goat climbing the rocks, and coming down them, like a feathered buffalo, plunging across the prairie, crocodile tanning in tropical sun, seal passing on the leetoch striding across the desert, are so many bundles of joy; they do not go moping or melancholy; they are not only half supplied; God says they are filled with good.

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I take a step higher, and notice the connection of the world, to the comfort and happiness of man. The sixth day of creation had arrived. The palace of the world was made, but there was no king to live in it. Leviathan ruled the deep; the eagle the air; the lion the field; but there was the scepter which should rule all. A new style of being was created. Heaven and earth were represented in it. In its situation, and under the shade beneath his own soul from the Heaven above. The one remaining him of his origin, the other speaking of his destiny—himself the connecting link between the animal creation and angelic intelligence. In him a strange commingling of the temporal and eternal. The finite and the infinite; dust and glory. The earth for his door, and Heaven for his roof; god for his Father; eternity for his lifetime.

The Christian anatomist, gazing upon the conformation of the human body, exclaims: "Fearfully and wonderfully made." No embroidery so elaborate no gaze so delicate, no color so exquisite, no mechanism so graceful, nothing work so divine. And mysteriously does the human body perform its functions. The human body will, 6000 years after the creation of the world, that the circulation of the blood was discovered; and though anatomists of all countries and ages have been so long exploring this castle of life, they have only begun to understand it.

Volumes have been written of the hand. Wondrous instrument! With it we give friendly recognition, and grasp the sword, and claim the pen, and write, and carve, and build. It constructed the pyramids, and bolted the Parthenon. It made the harp and then struck out of it all the world's melody.

In it the white marble of Memnon lay dormant, and when the steamer to its

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with enterprise and power? Four fingers and a thumb. A hundred million dollars would not purchase for you a machine as exquisite and wonderful as in your own hand. Mighty hand! In all its bones and muscles, and joints, I learn that God is good.

Behold the eye, which, in its photographic action, in an instant envisions the mountain and the sea. This perpetual telegraphing of the nerves; these joints, that are the only hinges that do not wear out; these bones and muscles of the hand, 100,000 different adaptations; these 100,000 glasses; these 200,000 pores; this myriads of hairs, contracting 4,000 times every hour—this chemical process of diges-

tion; this laboratory beyond the understanding of the most skillful philosopher, this furnace, whose heat is kept up from cradle to grave; this factory of life, whose products, spines and bands are God-directed. We could realize the wonders of our physical organization, fearing every moment that some part of the machine would break down. But there are men here who have lived through seventy years, and not a nerve has ceased to thrill, or a muscle to contract, or a lung to breathe, or a tendon to stimulate.

I take a step higher, and look at man's mental constitution. Behold the wondrous of God in powers of perception, or the faculty of transporting this outside world into your own mind—gathering into your brain the majesty of the storm, and the splendors of the day-dawn and lifting into your mind the ocean as easily as you might put a glass of water into your lips. You are limited to your life, or the mysterious linking together of all you ever thought, or knew, or felt, and giving you the power to take hold of the clew-line, and draw through your mind the long train with indescribable velocity—one thought starting up a hundred, and this again a thousand—as the chirp of one bird sometimes wakes a whole forest of voices or the vibration of one string will rouse the orchestra.

Watch your memory—that sheaf-binder that goes forth to gather the harvest of the past and bring it into the present. Your power and velocity of thought—thought of the swift wing and the lightning foot; thoughts that expand the sun, and circles through the heavens, and circles through the earth, and air, and ocean—beasts, and all cattle, creeping things, and flying fowl, permitted to join in the praise that goes up from seraph and archangel? Only one solution, one explanation, one answer—God is good. "The earth is full of the goodness of the Lord."

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wonders in nature and providence—wonders of mind and body, wonders of earth and air, and deep analogies and antithesis; all colors and sounds; lyrics in the air; idyls in the field; configurations in the sunset; robes of mist on the mountains, and the "Grand March" of God in the storm.

But for the soul still higher adaptation; a ladder by which it may wash; a ladder by which it may climb; a song of endless triumph that it may sing; a crown of unfading light that it may wear. Christ came to save us—came with a cross on his back; came with stripes on his body; came with a crown of thorns on his head; but no one else would do. See how suited to man's condition is what God has done for him. Man is a sinner; here is pardon. He has lost God's image; Christ retrieves it. He is helpless; angelic grace is proffered. He is a lost wanderer; Jesus brings him home. He is blind; and at one touch of the hand who guides him, he sees. He is a poor, gloomy soul; he comes into his son's arms. He is a thief; he comes to the gates of heaven. What soul, after a year's tossing on the sea, could come in with so little damage to ourselves, though we arrive after a year's voyage to-day?

I wish you good cheer for the national pestilence. Pestilence, that in other years has driven us from our homes and hearts to distant lands. Little Hill has not visited our nation. It is a glorious thing to be well. How strange that we should keep our health when one breath from a marsh, or the sting of an insect, or the slipping of a foot, or the falling of a tree branch might fatally assault our life! Regularly the lungs work, and their motion seems to consist with us; but suddenly, after a long period of repose, comes down to count the blossoms in a tuft of mimosa; then again to try the fathoming of the bottomless, and the sealing of the innumerable, to be swallowed up in the incomprehensible, and lost in God!

In reason and understanding, man is alone.

The ox surpasses him in strength,

the ant in industry, and the bee in

the number of contrivances, the eagle

in reaching sight, the rabbit in

quickness of hearing, the honey-bee in

delicacy of tongue, the spider in fineness

of touch. Man's power, therefore,

consists not in what he can lift, or

how fast he can run, or how strong a

wrestler he can throw—for in these

aspects the ox, the ostrich, and

the hyena are his superiors.

By his reason, he comes forth,

all through his ingenuity, to outwit

lethum, his cubit, and to let him

build his cabin and cultivate his

farm. The seed which he播撒

in the ground, and the rain which

comes down from the sky, and the

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air which breathes around him, and

the wind which carries him, and the

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HAZEL GREEN HERALD.

SPENCER COOPER, - - - Editor.



HAZEL GREEN, KY.:
FRIDAY, Jan. 1, 1892.

BRIEF EDITORIALS AND NEWS NOTES.

The Democratic congress now has session proposes, among other matters of tariff reform, to put wool on the free list.

A lady named Mrs. Kelly, living at Plymouth, W. Va., was accidentally killed by the discharge of a shot gun in the hands of her son, who "didn't know it was loaded."

Our congressman, Hon. John W. Kendall, was honored by second place on the committee on mileage, and we predict that Speaker Crisp will find him one of the most faithful committeemen.

The Mammoth dry goods store at Harrodsburg was consumed by fire Saturday morning about 1 o'clock, and it is thought the small boy did it with his little shooting cracker. The loss on stock is \$15,500, and on the building \$8,000.

Main street stores in Louisville were burglarized on Christmas eve by cutting through the skylights, and as the stores were not opened until the day after Christmas the "knights of the jumby" had plenty of time to get away with their plunder.

Bob Sims, the Alabama outlaw, and his gang have taken refuge in a house in Choctaw county, and defy the authorities. The house is strongly fortified and it is feared that they will escape. A company of 20 men and a six-pound cannon were dispatched to the scene.

Minnesota and Iowa were both visited by a bountiful fall of "the beautiful" on Christmas day, and along with the snow, or just in its wake, came a cold wave. At Macon City, Iowa, the temperature dropped 50° between 12 M. and 10 P. M. It was the coldest snap of the season.

Through the negligence of a brakeman named Albert E. Herrick, on the New York Central railroad, 11 persons were killed and five others so seriously injured that they may die. The brakeman had been sent back to flag a coming train but loitered on the way, and, after witnessing the fruits of his carelessness, he left the scene.

Col. Wm. Pearall, his wife and two children were burned to death near Goldsboro, N. C., in a fire which destroyed their home on Christmas day, though it is thought murder may have been committed and the house afterward fired to conceal the crime. Several tenants are missing, which gives color to the latter conclusion.

There was a riot in Chicago on Christmas day and an attempt was made to mob two policemen who entered a saloon in citizens clothes while a fight was in progress. The officers, however, were equal to the occasion and held the mob at bay until assistance arrived, when several of the toughs were taken to the lock-up in patrol wagons.

The Kentucky legislature met on Wednesday at noon, but at this writing we have not heard who is elected speaker of the house. Mr. Moore, of Cynthiana, and Mr. Myers, of Covington, are the prominent candidates for the place, with two or three others "in the field." Each of the gentlemen named thinks he has a lead-pipe cinch in the place, but should a dark horse come under the wire first it will be no surprise to many.

A brutal barber named Frank Moulton brained his wife with a flatiron because she would not give him more room in the bed they jointly occupied in their home at Lowell, Mass., and when accused of his crime said, "Yes, I did the job, and it's a d— good one." The citizens of that place should do a like job by giving the murderer a bath in hot molten lead. Even that would be too good a death for such a brute.

LETTER FROM INDIAN TERRITORY.

CHICKASAW NATION, Dec. 20, 1891.
Dear HERALD: Did you ever feel as I imagine, something like Elijah felt when he thought that he alone of all the Lord's prophets was left? Well, I beg Elijah's pardon for the comparison, but we do just get a little bit blue. But THE HERALD comes around just in time to save us of a spell and cheer us up a little.

Well, I hardly know what to devote this article to, as I have been sick for the past two months, and I am not posted on anything. But praise the Lord, by the help of a skillful physician and the attention of many other good friends, I am again able to pen a few lines to the much appreciated HERALD.

If my health don't change for the better I guess I will change my address in the near future. I am not going to leave the nation because I don't like it. My physician tells me it would be the best for me to go back to my own climate. If I were young and seeking a fortune this would be my home, for truly it is the garden spot of the world. It is very encouraging to know that after a two years' stay in this nation I leave them all friends. I have learned to love this people and think it is reciprocated. They have been kind to me during my stay, and their kind and loving expressions and opportunities makes me regret leaving them.

We have such good meeting here and such able ministers. Our nearest place of worship is a half-mile. Bro. A. J. Clark is our minister: He is a very able speaker but can't compete with Bro. E. R. Webb, whom I spoke of in my last letter. He was able to attract any audience. He would diagram his sermons on a large blackboard and then define them in such a plain, simple manner that the "wayfaring man, though a fool, could not err therein." Never was the gospel presented in a simpler and more scholarly way to eager listeners than it was to the crowd that gathered day and night to hear him. Truthfully and sincerely did he tell the story of the cross, and our hearts are made glad at the result. Bro. Webb has winged his way to other shores.

Some sickness here this fall and winter. Some say the cause is from the country being settled up so fast, the farmers turning so much sod land, but your scribe thinks it's from living in bad houses. Those who live in good houses have good health, and that proves to me that that is the cause. But the people can't afford to build good houses, as they have not got permanent homes.

Cotton picking is the order of the day at this time, but I think they are aiming to give vacation for the holidays. There are fields of 40 acres white for gathering. Some of the neighbors anticipate spending the holidays in the Comanche nation on a protracted hunt of 20 days. They will take several wagons and plenty of provisions. Some 10 or 15 will engage in the sport.

As I am tired of writing and you are doubtless wearied from reading this long letter, I will close with many regards for THE HERALD. May the dove of peace and prosperity perch upon its banner.

CATHARINE HENRY.

Mountaineers and Other Matters.

Sequel-Demoral, Dec. 23.]

Mrs. Susan Womack, formerly of West Liberty, a sister of Mrs. W. H. Cartmill, of this city, died Saturday at the home of her son, Willis G. Womack, at Butler, Mo. The remains arrived here Monday en route for West Liberty for interment. She was the mother of M. T. (Coon) Womack, the well known stock dealer of West Liberty, and was a most excellent lady.

Miss Mattie Quicksail, of Ezel, secretary and treasurer of the F. & L. U., arrived yesterday, and will make Mt. Sterling headquarters with office at Dr. R. F. Cox's residence. Miss Mattie is a handsome and intelligent young lady, and Mt. Sterling welcomes her.

Ben M. Carr, sheriff, and J. D. Phipps, deputy, of Morgan county, were here yesterday en route for Frankfort, to get their tax quota. They are among the best officials and cleverest gentlemen in the state.

There are no less than a thousand cases of gripe in this city and some are very sick.

A Guaranteed Remedy.
MEGRIMINE, the only permanent cure for all forms of headache and neuralgia, relieves the pain in from 15 to 20 minutes. For sale on positive guarantee at THE HERALD office, or sent postpaid by mail on receipt of price, 50 cents a box.

Happy and content is a home with "The Rochester," a lamp with the light of the morning. For catalogues, write to Rochester Lamp Co., New York.

1248.

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WINCHESTER, KENTUCKY.

PAID UP CAPITAL,
\$175,000.00.

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WHENEVER YOU VISIT LEXINGTON, CALL ON THE

Lexington Foundry Co.

Office 99 EAST MAIN STREET.

Shop K. U. RAILROAD, near 7th St.

They are operating THE LARGEST FOUNDRY AND MACHINE SHOP IN THE STATE east of Louisville.

All kinds of BOILER AND ENGINE REPAIRING SKILLFULLY DONE, AT THE LOWEST LIVING PRICES. J. M. KELLY, President.

Office 99 EAST MAIN STREET, Foundry on K. U. RAILROAD, Lexington, Ky.

Has ample facilities for doing a general banking business. Solicits deposits, makes collections, gives prompt and careful attention to all business entrusted to it, and extends to its customers the most liberal accommodations consistent with correct banking business.

\$1.00
ONLY FOR A
DECKER BROTHERS
GRAND PIANO
AND A YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION
TO THE

WEEKLY ENQUIRER

A Decker Bro. Grand Upright Piano, \$650.00
A Gladstar Watch and Case 30.00
A Lemaire 24 Line Field Glass 20.00
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A Venice Parlor Clock 12.00
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A Life Scholarship in Watters' Commercial College 75.00
A Six Octave Champion Organ 200.00
A Double Barrel Shot Gun 30.00
A Silverene Case 7 Jewel Watch 10.00
A High Arm Improved Sewing Machine, \$5.00
A 15 Jewel Watch, Boss Case 35.00
A Five Octave Parlor Organ 150.00
A Gladiate Watch, Dupee Case 30.00
A John C. Dueber Watch & Case 40.00

And 82 other valuable premiums will be presented to yearly subscribers of the Weekly Enquirer in April, 1892. Enclose one dollar for a year's subscription to the Weekly Enquirer, and

GUESS

what will be the number of subscribers in the five largest lists received from Nov. 1, '91, to March 31, '92.

For same term last winter it was 2999, and the winter before was 1405.

The premiums are to be presented to those whose guesses are correct or nearest correct. For full list see Weekly Enquirer, now the largest 12 page dollar a year paper in the United States.

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AGENTS WANTED.

Good Solicitors make from \$2.00 to \$8.00 a day during Winter Season. Only those willing to work, ladies or gentlemen, need apply. ENQUIRER COMPANY, Cincinnati, O.

THE HERALD and Cincinnati Weekly Enquirer one year for only \$1.80, and now is the time to subscribe.

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JAY-EYE-SEE 2/10

And a good lamp

must be simple; when it is not simple it is not good. Simple, Beautiful—Good—these words mean much, but to see "The Rochester" will impress the truth more forcibly. All metal, tough and seamless, and made in three pieces only, it is absolutely safe and unbreakable. Like Aladdin's old oil lamp, it is indeed a "wonderful lamp," for its marvellous light is purer and brighter than gas light, softer than electric light and more cheerful than either.

Look for "The Rochester." If the lamp dealer has not the catalogue, send 10c for it, and we will send you a lamp safely by express—your choice of over 2,000 varieties from the Largest Lamp Store in the World.

ROCHESTER LAMP CO., 42 Park Place, New York City.

"The Rochester."

It is the best preparation I have ever used or heard of. I heartily recommend it to all horsemen."

We have hundreds of such testimonials.

TRY IT.

Price, \$1.50 per bottle. Ask your druggist for it. If he does not keep it, send us 10c postage or silver, for trial box.

W. B. EDDY & CO., Whitehall, N. Y.

Patton Bros., Wholesale Manufacturing Druggists, Catlettsburg, Ky.

The Largest Drug House in the Ohio Valley.

Manufacturers of 234 REMEDIES that are Sold by the Dozen.

16,000 Square Feet of Floor Room, 28 Hands Employed.

For Sale by DRUG STORES, and COUNTRY STORES EVERYWHERE.

See Sole Proprietors of the famous NERVE KING.

The only remedy that is sold on an absolute guarantee to cure all Pains and Aches, Cramps, and Diseases, Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Ulcer, Internal and External.

The best Liniment in the world.

PRICE 25 CENTS.

See Sole Proprietors of the renowned HINDOO KIDNEY CORDIAL.

For the permanent cure of Pains in the Back, and all disorders of the Kidneys and Urinary Organs. Those who have used this remedy, will tell you on application.

PRICE \$1.00.

FOR SALE BY DRUG STORES, AND COUNTRY STORES EVERYWHERE.

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Hazel Green Herald.

SPENCER COOPER PUBLISHER.
HAZEL GREEN, IOWA.

WAITIN' ROUND.

You can passle down the lane
An' hallo by the way,
I've had no money to buy
Aw for the children pray.

Last Sunday Preacher Hopkins said:
"All the old folks are ery
Upon dat shinin shore."

Dear Uncle Sam, I am lame,
An' I have to be peed on
An' Diah White an' ole Anna Child'

An' Trustee Johnson says to me:
"Do summin' soon mornin'
For you an' me" us ole folks
To tote our baggage home."

Dar' Baldy Smif as' Dady Jim
A' shawl's der'd.
A' Diah White an' his wife
Am critulin' round da board.

Ay we ole folks han'gah' on,
An' kind watin' round
To let de chile grow a bit
Fo' we go under ground.

-Texas Editings



Coppy-right ED. & ANNALS H. C.

CHAPTER IX.

THE ROOM AT PARADISE PARK.

The summer waned and the autumn came. The hopes of the settlers had been reduced to a centesimal and a fair even had married the Paul had sold out his, and with the money it brought him, gone back east to take up his studies. He and Louise were engaged now with John's and Mary's consent, and it was understood that they were to marry as soon as Paul returned and located.

John sold enough of his produce to live on, and he did, at least, and immediately went down to Paul's office to see Scrags. Harry Pearson had been sent to John's two or three times on one pretext or another, and John had told him of the debt and of his ability to pay it off if Scrags would accept the money and release the mortgage.

"I am very anxious to get rid of the debt," John said, "and stop the interest."

"That's sound and right, too," said Harry, "and Scrags ought to be willing to accept the money if he is at all disposed to do fair. But from what I know of him, I take him to be a greedy, grasping wretch, with no feeling of mercy in his soul. I'll sympathize with you."

"It is an interesting thing to be in the power of such men as Scrags," John replied, "and when I get clear of this affair I hope never to get into such a place again."

"I'll tell you what you'll do," said Harry. "I'm quite well acquainted with Scrags, and I may have some influence with him. I'll try to persuade him to accept your money. It can make an exception in your favor if we will."

"I shall be ever so much obliged to you for your interest in the matter," said John, "and I hope you may succeed."

"You come down in a day or two, and in the meantime I'll talk to Scrags."

So John went down with his key; Scrags was in his office busy with a town hall meeting of a couple of men who were selecting towns for oil investment. After awhile the sales were effected, and the men going out Scrags



SELLING EM LOW, VERY LOW.

turned his attention to Green. With a bland smile and a warm handshake, he said:

"Well, my friend, I am very glad to see you, and I am sorry that I had to keep you waiting, but I am so pressed with business since our boom set in that I have not yet time to shake hands with my friends. How is Mrs. Green and the family?"

"Quite well, I thank you! You spoke of a boom? What do you refer to?"

"Why, our boom here. Hadn't you heard of it?"

"No, not a word."

"Well well that's queer. Why, sir, our town is having a wonderful boom. Lots are going off like hot cakes, and almost every day we are laying out

new additions. Within the last week we have sold out lots in new sections of forty acres each. Yes, sir, we have a great boom—the most wonderful thing on records—and it's a settled fact that within two years we will have here a city of twenty thousand population. I have invested every dollar I can get hold of, and wish I had a million to invest. This is the great chance of a lifetime for amassing a fortune. As a lawyer I say, "there is a time in the affairs of men when, if taken at the right moment, leads to success, and in few cases that time is right now."

"How are you selling your lots?"

"Selling 'em low, very low, dirt cheap; one-third cash and balance on long time and easy terms. Here now is the plot of an addition just put on the market. As a lawyer I say, "there is a time in the affairs of men when, if taken at the right moment, leads to success, and in few cases that time is right now."

"It's natural to him to figure up enormous profits on investments in town lots as it did to eat and sleep, and he always made it plain that the world's investor could almost see the profits sticking out. He always made each customer feel that he was giving him a decided advantage over all other customers by letting him have lots that he had reserved for himself, and that he could speak of.

It must be inferred that Scrags

or for that matter the average western real estate agent was or is dishonest, shabby, or lacking in tact, and customers were crowding on him anxious

to make investments, and there was lots of money in it to him, and he was anxious to build up his town, and all that sort of thing, so likely as not he never had time to think of what the

"far out" Scrags cried. "Why, green goshen, you're all in. Why, there's nothing but oil towns beyond that. This is going to be a city, I tell you—a great western metropolis!"

"Do you think so?"

"Think nothing. I know it. That's a settled fact, and in less than twelve months from to-day you will see twenty thousand population here, and these lots I am offering you for ten dollars a foot will be selling at from five to six hundred a foot. Think of that, and tell me what you can invest money in to beat it."

"What is this boom based on, Mr. Scrags?" John asked.

"Based on solid facts. There is not a town of any importance within a hundred miles of us, is there?"

"No, there is not," John admitted.

But if he had known, he might have said that there were two or three hundred with that radius that expected to amount to something, and were like to amount to something, but John did not know this.

"Well, then," Scrags went on,

"we've got to have a great commercial center out here, and we propose to be it. We've got three or four railroads planned out and the companies organized to build them. First, there is the Kansas City, Topeka & Pacific Park Line. Second, that is the Chicago, Oaklawn & Parades Park Line. Then the Galveston & Paradise Park Line. Last, the New York, St. Louis & Bismarck Park Line. There are other lines, but we do not mention them, for they are not what we choose to call certainties. Franchises have been granted for several lines of cable road, and charters issued for water and gas works. Plans have been drawn up for a dozen or more brick blocks, and that is but a taste of what is to follow. You see, we want to be an independently rich man, with more money than you know what to do with, just invest every dollar you can raise together, and do it right now. You'll never have such another chance, mark my word for that."

Scrags had rattled on at such a rate and with such wild enthusiasm that John Green felt quite dazed, and he stopped his head and walked the floor a few times before he could get his mind into gear. He was so dazed that when he felt calm and collected, his mind appeared unbalanced and such phrases as "town lots," "close in," "ten dollars a foot," "great metropolis," went dancing through it like mad. But eventually he collected his scattered senses sufficiently to recall the business that brought him to Scrags' office, and forthwith he said:

"I'm sorry, Mr. Green," Scrags said, with a shaking of his head, "but I couldn't possibly accept your money. The mortgage will have to run its time before it can be paid."

"I would like to stop the interest," John replied, "and I have the money, and cannot use it otherwise."

"Can't?" exclaimed Scrags. "If I had it I could mighty soon invest it. Why, what have you been telling yourself? You're a man of means, as far as I can see. You have a thousand dollars or so to my一百 also. You can make five or six hundred per cent. on that money as easy as not. Do like everybody else—like your neighbors out there—and invest your money in town lots."

"I'm not trying to get him to give me the money, but he won't listen."

"I'm sorry you mentioned it to me until I got there. I was on my way now, and hurrying with all possible speed to get there before you did. But perhaps you have not come to any terms with him yet?"

"Yes, I have. I have invested the money in town lots."

"That's fine. Just my luck. I think if I had him in, I could have induced Scrags to release the mortgage. I gave him a blow-up about

and he half way promised me that he'd let you off. If I could have got there in time I could have held him to it, but it was just this minute that I got in from the country. I'll make old Scrags sorry that he didn't do as I wanted him to, as sure as you're born, I will."

"But about the town lots..." John said, "don't you consider them safe?"

"They're safe, Mr. Green. They're as good as bonds, and there's no more profit to be made of them. But that isn't the question, you see. You don't want lots; you wanted to pay the debt off your farm."

"Well, if the lots are safe and the re-

turns are big as Scrags says, why I'm satisfied with matters as they stand."

"I'm glad to hear that, Mr. Green. For the investment is safe, in my opinion, and there's no better investment for every dollar you put in than a town lot."

"I'm not so sure. I don't know as I can see anything good in town lots."

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safe before somebody else got all the choice lots. John thought he'd better go to town first, but another rush of customers and another sale of a dozen lots decided him that delay was dangerous, so he told Scrags to go on and fix up the contract then and there.

Scrags, by the way, was a typical western real estate agent—in some particular, at least. He was full of business, unsparring of his talk, bland, smiling and wildly enthusiastic. He was a hustler from the word go, and he never seemed to have a care in the world. He always laid claim to the profits sticking out. He always made each customer feel that he was giving him a decided advantage over all other customers by letting him have reserved for himself, and that he could speak of it.

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"far out" Scrags cried. "Come in and sit down," Scrags said in reply. "I was meditating, and seriously, too, but my thoughts were of you, and I glad you came."

"In a minute," Scrags said.

"I'm a faithful agent, Scrags. I didn't mean to intrude, so if you meditations are sacred I'll withdraw."

"Come in and sit down," Scrags said in reply. "I was meditating, and seriously, too, but my thoughts were of you, and I glad you came."

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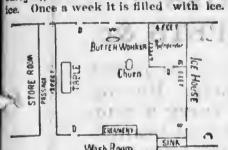
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AGRICULTURAL HINTS.

DAIRY IMPROVEMENTS.

Plan for a Convenient Milk Room and Refrigerator.

A room twelve by fifteen, built of stone just back of the wash-room, connecting with the ice house, on the other side, was sealed and sided with black ash in alternate three-inch strips of plain and beaded lumber five-eighths of an inch in thickness with a "quarter-round" molding of the same to finish the sides where the ceiling rests. Outside the sides were the common siding was used. From one corner where the ice house is, a space of wood was partitioned off for a refrigerator. The walls are made double and packed six inches thick with sawdust, and overboard the same. Two doors are placed in the end, each double and packed like the sides. The entrance door is six feet by twenty-six inches wide; the other two, opening to the left, are fifteen inches high by twenty-four inches wide. Inside, six feet from the floor, is placed a shallow galvanized iron pan twenty-six inches by thirty inches, for holding cases of ice. This pan, supported on strips of wood, has a pipe for carrying out the drippings from the ice. Once a week it is filled with ice.



GROUND FLOOR OF A MICHIGAN MILK ROOM.

It is an easy matter for a man to put up the cakes through the upper door as follows: A board of the right length reaches from the door to the opposite side of the room where it is supported by a short board hinged on for a stand. This forms a slide on which the cake is placed with the top and along which it is easily transferred to the space intended for it. The board is taken down when not in use.

Hooks for the suspension of meat, etc., shelves for storing butter, cream, etc., are arranged inside, where the thermometer stands at about 40 degrees, making a most desirable storage place for perishable articles. A place for persimmon preserves, etc., requires a cold, dry place free from dust and dirt. In the outer room are kept all the implements for butter-making, viz.: Cabinet creamery, churn, butter-worker, scales, etc., while the window and door are provided with screens for the exclusion of flies.

In one corner is a sink for washing ice, the door from the ice house opening conveniently near. The water from the creamery passes through the sink and then into the drain. From this place it passes out into the drain.

A well three feet from the door supplies the water for the creamery, which is pumped in by means of a piece of conductor pipe which fits over the sput of the pump.

The entire ceiling of ash is oil finished, the door and window frames are painted dark red, and the floor is laid with white pine. The ground plan presented herewith is self-explanatory, the letter W indicating the location of the window and D that of the doors.—Ella Rockwood, in American Agriculturist.

ALL AROUND THE FARM.

It has been suggested that instead of storing potatoes in the bins they be stored in boxes of a size that may fit into easy handling. They will keep just as well, and can be more conveniently stored.

There is a close relation between insect depredators and the health of trees. As a rule insects are scavengers. They are related to disease, half the battle with insects is to help the trees to defend themselves.

One of the great reforms needed is that of curing the evil of selling young calves when only a few days old. They are swift for food, diminish the supply of cows and steers, while the milk in its first stages isropy and nutty to drink.

POULTRY-HOUSES should face to the south if possible. Be careful about this when you build your houses, or remember that sunshine has a commanding value, and the pens should have a good supply of this, especially in winter.

The best results with manure are obtained when the manure is fine and evenly spread. The cost of all manures depends on the labor bestowed upon it, and the finer the manure the less labor will be necessary to haul and spread it.

The English farmer grows turnips for sheep and feeds them on the ground, the sheep eating the turnips without the trouble of the farmer harvesting the crop by hand. No labor is required in feeding the turnips, and the sheep improve the soil.

In some experiments in feeding the prize steers it was clearly proven that corn is not the cheapest food for producing beef, but that the best results were obtained only with a variety of grain, followed with plenty of hay and good pasture.

EXPERIENCE on the farm is the best teacher, and the valuable hints published are not all theory but the practical experience of others, which is made known. The best farmers are those who read and test the theories and experiments of others.

FEEDING IN WINTER.

The Kind of Economy Which Makes Stock-Raising a Success.

The Christmas Wids Awake

Is as gay as old Santa Claus himself, and it is a big pack of holiday delights. Its exterior frontispiece, the color, is from the terra cotta relief "Day and Night," by Caroline Hunt Ritter, daughter of Dr. Ritter, the late famous Art-Anatomist. "Rarely has anything more beautiful been given in a magazine. Perhaps the story that will attract the most attention is the first one of the "Fair Harvard" series, "Such Stuff as Dreams are made of," by John M. Howells, the son of W.

Henry. The story is full of fun and delicious and fresh: "How Christmas came in the Little Black Tent," by Mrs. Charlotte M. Vaille, "Christmas with 'Our Sherman,'" is an incident of the war, in which General Sherman figures generally. In her story "The Fairy Content," Mrs. Jessie Weston Fremont is at her brightest and best: "Queen Margaret's Neighbors," by Mary E. Wilkins, fully illustrated, "The War of the Schools," by Capt. C. A. Curtis, U. S. A., is a splendid snow-story, "In Arctic Pack-Ice" is a thrilling story by Lieut. Col. Thorndike, the first in a series of "One Man Adventures."

The illustrated papers are interesting: "Romaniian Princess," by Eleanor Lewis, and "How I became a Seneca Indian," by Mrs. Harriet Maxwell Converse.

The serials open well: "Jack Branton's Three Months' Service," a war story by Mrs. Maria McIntosh Cox, "The Lance of Kannan," a historical Arabian story by Abd al Achavan. Then there are the departments, "Men and Mollies," "Tangies, and Post-Office, besides many bright pictures and poems.

WIDE AWAKE is \$2.40 a year, 20cts a number. D. Lothrop Company: Boston.

World See It or Die—Glorious "Charity boy-giving" gives us "Tramp!—Then you'll tell me what time it starts I'll try to be on hand!"—Harrington Telegraph.

WHO SUFFERS with his liver, constipation, bilious fits, poor blood or diseases—take Beecham's Pills. Of druggists, 55 cents.

MONSTROUS find fresh quarters in the dime museum.—Texas Sifters.

And unlike all other pills, No purging or pain. Act specially on the Liver and Spleen. Carter's Little Liver Pills. Of druggists.

The older line—A washerwoman's full of variegated stockings.

DATES of absence—An alibi.

REFINED WOOD—Polished oak—Mail and Express.

WORK well done is rare.—Texas Sifters.

SOME ill news—"John is sick."

SOME ball players—musicians.

Goes out or put out—the candle.

ALWAYS on hand—The five fingers.—Mail and Express.

BLIND people always feel good.

EPIGRAPH for an actor—Played out.—Texas Sifters.

The whole thing in a nutshell—The nut.

SINGED Rolls must be pressed to sing.

How to gain flesh—Buy out a butcher shop.

You can't tell how much a lion weighs by his roar.

The organ grinder is a "tony" man.—Columbus Post.

The ties that bind a business house to the public—advertisements.

A BLINDNESS KISS—Kissing the wrong girl.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

WOMAN is like a cigar. You cannot judge the filling by the wrapper.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

"You must have an organ to support us" as the man said to his monkey.—Waiting Star.

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ARCHBISHOP KATZER.

The Freists Who Were Recently Appointed Head of the Milwaukee Free Masons.

Archbishop Frederick Xavier Kater, who has been appointed by the Pope to succeed Archbishop Heiss in the see of Milwaukee, is one of the leaders of the German opposition to the Bennett law in Wisconsin. He gained much prominence by declaring at a German Catholic convention in Milwaukee that the new law was the work of the Freemasons who, he said, were free-lovers. The new archbishop is still a young man. He was born at Eberau, Austria, in 1846, and came to this country in 1864. He was ordained a priest in 1866, and remained a professor of philosophy and dogmatics at the seminary of St. Francis near Milwaukee until 1875. Then he removed to Green Bay, Mich., to become the bishop's private secretary, and later was successively appointed vicar-general and bishop of that diocese. His appointment to the see of Milwaukee is regarded as a triumph for the German Catholics. Father Cleary, of Kenosha, was the man favored by the English-speaking Catholics.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for any case of scatarr that cannot be cured by taking Hall's Cough Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO.,
Propta, Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists,
Toledo, O.

WALDING, KINMAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Cough Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c per bottle. Sold by all druggists.

Hints to a Reformer.

He presented himself at the editor's door, saying: "Sir, I am the great American reformer. Do you want an interview with me?"

"Yes; wipe your feet, take off your hat, stop chewing that tobacco and sit down."—Judge.

The Briton.

"Did you hit him?"
"Hit him! Forty times worse than that! I told him right in the presence of five other blooming blites that he was no gentleman!"—Detroit Free Press.

Rose & Swango desire to inform the public that they are agents for the most successful preparation that has yet been prepared for colds and coughs. It will loosen and relieve a severe cold in less time than any other treatment. The article referred to is Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. It is a medicine that has won fame and popularity on its merits, and one that can always be depended upon. It is the only known remedy that will prevent croup. It must be tried to be appreciated. It is put up in 50 cent and \$1 bottles.

Hard on the Ducks.

A singular story comes from Green-point, N. Y. A large mansion in the vicinity took fire, which originated in the main chimney, and the flames were spreading rapidly. The master ran to the duck pen and secured a number of the largest fowls. Then he took a ladder, and mounting to the top of the house went to the chimney, from which flames and smoke were pouring, and dropped the ducks one after another into the fiery shaft. This had the effect of checking the flames and the fire was subdued.

Chamberlain's Eye and Skin Ointment.
A CERTAIN case for Chronic Sore Eyes, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Scalp Head, Old Colds, Ulcers, Skin warts, Etc., Prairie Scratches, Sure Nippes and Piles. It is cooling and soothing. Hundreds of cases have been cured by it after all other treatment had failed. It is put up in 25 and 50 cent boxes. For sale by Rose & Swango.

SOAP FROM CORN.

It is claimed that an Eastern chemist has discovered a process of making soap from corn. The discovery has excited considerable attention and promises to give not only a new corn market, but to revolutionize the art of soap-making. The soap made from corn is said to be absolutely pure and safe than the finest toilet soaps now made.

Standard Investment.

S. S. Brandt of Montgomery, Mo., writes: "Please send me a bottle of Quinn's Ointment. I have used it for Capped Hock, Wind Puff and Thorough-bone with great success. Would not be without it in my barn." Sold by Rose & Swango.

Send THE HERALD to a distant friend.

THE RETURN FROM THE WEDDING.

"An' what are they doin' now?"

"Oh, Marla! It's just too splendid for any think. She's a leanin' her head on his shoulder, and is a mussin' his hair like every think!"—Life.

Conductor—Ticket, please!
Dead Beat—I travel on my cheek.

Conductor—Very well, which cheek do you prefer to travel on?—Puck.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, having placed in his hands the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested the remedy in thousands of persons in thousands of cases, he felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper. W. A. NOYES, 820 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

Good Grounds.

"Do you think you will gain your lawsuit?" asked Gus Smiths of Colonel Yerger, who had been run over by a fire-engine. "The engine was suing the city of Austin for damages."

"Yes, I think I'll come out ahead."

"Has your lawyer given you grounds to think so?"

"No, but I have given him grounds to think so. I've decided he'll lots on Austin avenue as a fee."—Texas Siftings.

A Dire Revenge.

He had been bounced out of a West street saloon, and was much ruffled, when an observer took a step nearer and asked:

"Throw you out?"

"Yes, threw me right out!"

"Any particular reason?"

"I haven't any money."

"I see. Well?"

"Well, the blooming bloke didn't get any the best of me, and don't you forget it!"

The senior proprietor of this paper has been subject to frequent colds for some years, which were sure to lay him up if not doctor'd at once. He finds that Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is reliable. It opens the secretions, relieves the lungs, and restores the system to a healthy condition. If freely used, as now, it will soon be contrived and, before it is known, settled in the system. It greatly lessens the attack, and often cures in a single day what would otherwise have been a severe cold.—Northwestern Hotel Reporter, Des Moines, Iowa. 50 cent bottles for sale by Rose & Swango.

It Requires No Calculating.

Cumso—If one pair of bellows costs two dollars and seventy two and three-quarters cents, what will three pairs of bellows come to?

Mrs. Cumso—I'm not good at figures, and I can't tell you anything.

Cumso—Oh, well, I'll tell you. They will come to biwas.—Judge.

Mr. Wm. T. Price, Justice of the Peace, Richmond, Neb., was confined to his bed last winter, with a severe attack of hombago; but a thorough application of Chamberlain's Palm Balm enabled him to get up and go to work. Mr. Price says: "The remedy can not be recommended too highly." Let any one trouble with rheumatism, neuralgia or rheumatic gout, it is a sure, and they will be of the same opinion.

50 cent bottles for sale by Rose & Swango.

On Darning.

One of our readers asks: "Can we get a pair of needles?"

Mr. C. C. Williams, of New York, writes: "I am sending you a pair of needles."

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